

Anger management by Agirlhasnname

Series: [Fucked up \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

A sort of continuation of "Affected". You can probably read this even if you haven't read that one though.

Anyway: Billy has anger issues, who knew.

Anger management

Author's Note:

I can't thank all of you who liked and commented on the first part of this enough! It makes me really happy that my work is appreciated and I hope this continuation will be as well-received and make you happy as well. (Also, I hope you won't be too disappointed that this piece doesn't include Steve begging..)

Billy's hands are shaking.

They're clamped down tightly around the steering wheel and fucking shaking.

Steve Harrington just let him *touch his dick*.

Steve Harrington just let him *violate him* outside of the school gym out in the open.

Steve Harrington just behaved like the most submissive little bitch ever.

And Billy Hargrove is *fucked*.

Billy thinks he shouldn't be as surprised as he surprisingly is. It's always the jocks who turn out to swing the other way. Who follow Billy's ass in his tight fitted jeans with their eyes as he struts past them, pretending like he doesn't notice when someone's checking him

out. But he always notices. Detecting those more or less discrete glances are crucial to the art of getting it on jocks.

Jocks are never out in the open. Jocks never make the first move. Jocks have too much of a reputation to lose.

And so it's up to Billy to act on the googly eyes he receives from left to right, because let's be honest - he's good looking and it happens a lot.

So it's up to Billy to corner a poor jock alone somewhere where no one can catch them, where the jock can feel safe to indulge in forbidden desires. It's up to Billy to get close, up in their faces. Up to Billy to be super obvious when he in fact is a bit of a jock himself. He too has a lot to lose. He would love to be discrete, keep fucking and dating girls, to keep up the jock façade. But he has urges and he gets frustrated and angry.

Really angry.

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Billy punches the steering wheel hard, jumping in surprise when he accidentally hits the horn and the sharp, loud sound of it brings his head back to reality.

He always has a weighing angst pushing persistently down onto his chest in waves as he's driving home after a night of fucking around with guys. It makes it hard to breathe. He's always unreasonably scared he might smell like a fag. Scared it's written all over his body and face. Scared his ill kept secret will spill out of his mouth against his will.

That's why he's extremely cautious when he parks the not-so-quiet car outside of his house, not putting much pressure to the gas pedal and thus barely makes it up the driveway without stalling. If he wakes the wrong person sleeping in the house at this point, there is no saving himself.

He creaks the door to the dusky gray house open and peeks inside, feeling like an intruder in his own home as he tries to keep as quiet

as humanely possible.

In the end it's all for nothing. But in the good way.

His parents aren't even home.

Billy sighs a big sigh of relief and can finally feel himself stop shaking. Instead he's just left with the anger. Anger from not being able to not be a fucking fag. Anger from having a sadistic führer of a father. Anger from having to hide and sneak around like a goddamn criminal.

Don't get him wrong; he's done his fair share of illegal activities. It just stings a lot more when he's punished by the world for something he can't control and something that has been pushed onto him against his will. If he could resist his forsaken desires he'd do it in a heartbeat.

But having self-restraint and basic anger management skills isn't in Billy's list of qualities. Instead, on the top of the list reads: fighting, having no filter, not giving a fuck and giving too many fucks. Excessive use of cussing also places in top ten on the list.

So as a result; where others would feel emotions, he just feels anger. When he fails a test in school he doesn't feel disappointment or dejection. When the family cat died, the only family member that ever cared about Billy's wellbeing, he didn't feel sadness. When a random person on the street shows him an act of kindness or smiles at him he doesn't feel gratitude or happiness.

It's always anger.

Billy even feels anger at how easily one evokes anger in him from time to time. The vicious circle keeps repeating itself.

It's his go-to emotion and even though the prevalence of anger is so high, it's always burning white and hot, building in his chest, reaching out to the rest of his body. It never subsides or dulls out. It never gets tired or belated. It only ever takes its form in something aggressive and impulsive and intense.

These obsessive thoughts he has, heavy on the anaphora, repeating

themselves in his mind aren't cutting him any slack either. It's like they're forcing him into action. As if he doesn't hit or break something the anger will eat him up from the inside.

When he gets angry he *needs* to feel pain.

Preferably by punching a wall with all his strength in hopes of making the anger subside with the pain starting in his hands to then go in shockwaves through his arm.

It doesn't work as well these days as his knuckles are numbing from the frequent abuse they've endured to relieve the tightening of his chest.

It's his own kind of therapy.

And it works.

After having a proper fight, most of the time he's left less angry; left feeling sore and exhausted.

Tonight though.

He didn't feel anger.

Well, maybe for a split second when he knew he had been caught.

A "*shit*" was drawn from his lips as soon as he heard the sound of a tiny breathless gasp. The familiar anger had quickly been working its way to the surface. Turning his head around and seeing the intruder however had him feeling a range of other emotions he couldn't place for the life of him.

He ran after him as fast as he could clean himself up and get his pants on.

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A few moments after that he certainly didn't feel any anger.

With Harrington pressed up against the brick wall, meek as a freaking kitten, more eager to please and obey than any girl or guy Billy ever

had set out to dominate.

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And now alone in his room a "goddamn Harrington" grazes his lips, moves out into the silence of his home and echoes itself in his mind. He gets angry over the fact that he can't really get angry at Steve Harrington. Harrington has him feeling these emotions that don't belong in his emotional registry and it's freaking him out.

'*Dominance.*' Billy thinks with resilience.

He changes his trail of thought and directs it towards the sexual tension that still hang in the air and surrounds him. These "feelings" can't be anything other than lust based, he reasons. A result of having potentially finally found a good counterpart.

The perfect little *twink* to dominate and have his every damn way with.

The princess of Hawkins of all people.

Billy keeps the image behind closed eyes with a cocky smile on his lips and lies down on his bed. He traces his hairless chest through the bold, large gap of his mostly unbuttoned shirt, and thinks of the way Steve submitted to him. Relishes in the fact that Steve let him call him princess and actually *got off on it*.

He lets out a low moan in both tone and volume, slowly unwinding but still weary of his annoying step sister sleeping in the house.

The blonde teen starts stroking himself through his pants The extremely tight pants always have a nice pressure against his junk so putting extra pressure on it after a long day feels amazing.

His other hand grips the headboard behind him to ground himself as his imagination runs wild.

If princess Steve was this fucking *sweet* and willing for him, what else could he make him do?

Would Steve let him fuck him in school?

Would Steve wear pink little panties to school if Billy asked him to?

He hisses loudly at the lewd ideas he's getting and finally allows himself to unbutton his pants and grip himself directly. Pre-come in more amounts than usual adorns the head of his cock so he drags a hand through it and thoroughly spreads it around the shaft down to the base. There was no need to use lube with this excess of come. Billy looks down at his hand and briefly stops to play around with the texture of it, always fascinated in the mechanics of the human body.

Then he relaxes his head down on his pillow again with a groan. The image of Steve looking up at him with come all over his plump red lips bombards his brain. Steve with come on his chest, smearing out onto his pink, hard nipples. Steve with come dripping out of his twitching asshole.

Steve licking up his come from a *fucking plate*.

He tries to calm down a tad and slows down the stroking of his dick for a moment, to bring himself back from edge he was nearing. Not wanting to come quite yet; wanting to relish in these fantasies spurred on by very real events.

The real events.

Just an hour ago he had had Harrington in a grip around his perfect penis. And of course it was perfect like everything else in the life of the school king.

If he tries hard enough he can still smell the expensive perfume Steve had had lingering on his skin as Billy tasted him. Remembers the smell of equally expensive hair products and the faint whiff of natural scent that was reserved only for people who got that intimate with the golden boy.

The Wheeler bitch knew the scent without a doubt.

Despite the fact that said bitch had dumped Harrington for the worst downgrade in history, Billy still feels a strong sense of possessiveness over Steve from her.

Maybe he's felt it before, a tiny twinge of jealousy when seeing the

pair acting like the perfect couple around school. Holding each other hands more than not and kissing around what seemed like wherever Billy went. He could never get rid of the sight of them and it had had his anger at a constant tipping point.

Now. Now things were different.

While licking his dry lips Billy speeds up the hand on his dick again, ready to finish this to his change of fantasy.

This time, he wonders if Steve would let him kiss him in front of the Wheeler bitch.

It would be priceless. And, he thinks, it's something he's definitely going to make sure happens.

Billy screws his eyes shut and pictures it with a smirk.

He would make sure Nancy was somewhere close by as he seduces an oblivious Steve. He'll whisper everything the still recently dumped and affection-starved little princess wants to hear while coaxing him into full hardness. He'll finally have him beg to be fucked and humiliated in every way Bill wants him to. And that's the moment Nancy will walk in. She'll witness her ex being pounded into by the person she loathes with all of her being. And she will see Steve receive more pleasure than she could ever give him, the frigid piece of shit. Billy will finally feed Steve his come and he will lick every *drop* into his mouth like Billy was feeding him freaking *ice-cream*.

These fantasies were more real and achievable than ever after tonight and Billy orgasms much harder than he did earlier while he was fucking the jock just before the interruption.

It takes the blonde several minutes to recover from his orgasm and he's not entirely happy about it.

Being a sexual deviant is something he'd come to terms with at a very young age. Oozing sexual appeal is a proud part of his identity he embraces with open arms. The attraction to dicks, the most popular and recently most preppy dick in town more specifically, is a more dangerous part of him however.

The craving for nicotine is suddenly unbearable for Billy, so he reaches into his nightstand and fumbles a bit before he finds his cigarettes with the lighter safely stored directly in the pack. He lights up one of the white sticks and tries to get the smoke into his lung faster than the flame can heat up the tobacco. When it inevitably reaches his lungs he breathes out a long, heavy sigh, responding to the dark thoughts starting to accumulate in his mind.

This could all play out itself in so many scenarios.

The scenario that stands out the most is the one where his dad finds him with a guy for a third and last time and finally kills him.

Billy grabs the object nearest to him, which happens to be a note book, and rips it apart in anger and frustration. The cigarette still in his hand burns him unforgiving and he curses loudly.

The anger won't subside anytime soon. It leaves him with a tingling and urgent sensation out to his fingertips, driving them into the shape of fists.